EXTRACTS

FROM

A MS. PAMPHLET

INTITLED THE

TITTLE-TATTLE-MONGERS.

Multa diuq; tuli; tandem patientia victa eſt.

OVID.

Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta -------- VIRG.

NUMBER I.

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

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BY *JOHN WHITE.*

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EXTRACT I.

The Origin of the Names Neſowanaſſa *and* Logopoiion, *with a general Character of the* Logopoiians.

LOGOPOIION is a large and populous Town in the Iſland called *Neſowanaſſa*. The Town indeed, as well as the Iſland, is vulgarly diſtinguiſhed by another Appellation. But my Veneration for Antiquity induces me to make uſe of the more ancient Names. And as theſe are far from being generally known, it may not be improper to give a traditional Account of their Origin.

HOMER, we are told, once made an Expedition to this Iſland, and viſited moſt of the principal Towns therein. The Iſland itſelf, from its being ſuperior to all others, he called *Neſowanaſſa*, ſometimes pronounced with leſs Accuracy *Neſoanaſſa*, that is, *the Queen of Iſlands*. To the ſeveral Towns which he viſited he gave ſuch Names as were calculated to

expreſs the general Turn of Mind which he obſerved in the reſpective Inhabitants. Now, there being no Word in *Homer*'s Writings reſembling *Logopoiion*, we muſt have Recourſe to ſome other *Greek* Authors in order to determine its Meaning. This may be done very effectually from the following Paſſages. In *Demoſthenes'* firſt *Philippic* we read ανοητοτατοι εισιν οι ΛΟΓΟΠΟΙΟΥΝΤΕΣ· the Senſe of which Words is determined by the Context to be this: *Of all Fools* the Tittle-Tattle-Mongers *are the greateſt.* In *Lyſias*, Pag. 305. Edit. *Lond.* we have ΛΟΓΟΠΟΙΟΥΝΤΑΣ και ψευδομενους, *indulging themſelves in* Tittle-Tattle *and Lyes.* The Subſtantive λογοποιημα has a correſpondent Uſe in that of *Antiphanes* preſerved by *Athenæus*, Pag. 224.

Εγω τεως μεν ωμην τας Γοργονας
Ειναι τι ΛΟΓΟΠΟΙΗΜΑ——

For ωμην, by the way, the Nature of the Verſe requires ωομην. *Hitherto I imagined the* Gorgons *to be an idle Fiction.* Hence we may ſafely venture to conclude, that the Inhabitants of the Town which *Homer* diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Logopoiion*, were, in his Opinion, a Collection of People in general addicted to Tittle-Tattle.

HAVING

HAVING thus aſſigned the true or at leaſt probable Origin of the Words *Neſowanaſſa* and *Logopoiion*, I ſhall now acquaint the Reader in what Manner they have been diſſected and explained by the *Logopoiians* themſelves. They, I warrant you, will needs have it that thoſe Names were invented by one *Philhomerus*, purely in Contempt and Abuſe of them. And in this Opinion they have confirmed themſelves by the following Steps. One of them, entirely unacquainted with any Language except that of his own Nation, had the happy Sagacity to diſcover in the Word *Logopoiion* ſomething reſembling *Log o' Wood*; and as to the latter Part of it, he looked upon that as induſtriouſly diſguiſed. A ſecond, who had a ſmattering in the *Gallic* Tongue, joined to the little he knew of his own, improved upon the Diſcovery of the former, by obſerving that the Word was formed by an artful Compoſition of the two Languages with a manifeſt Deſign to deceive the Ignorant; but that Men of his Learning and Diſcernment were not ſo to be impoſed upon: that betwixt the Syllables *poi* and *boi* there is the neareſt Affinity; that *Boi* is all that is uſually pronounced in the *Gallic* Word *Bois*; and that the Meaning of that Word is *Wood*. A third took Notice, that in

the other Name *Neſowanaſſa*, were evidently included the Words *Sow* and *an Aſs:* Words which denote two remarkably ſtupid Animals, and are often applied to ſuch of another Species as differ from thoſe Animals in nothing more than the Form of their Body. This our ſagacious Obſerver very well knew, without being acquainted either that the Βοιωτια ὗς, or *Bœotian Sow*, as appears from a Paſſage in *Pindar*, was a Proverb amongſt the *Grecians*; or that the Word *Aſinus* had the ſame metaphorical Uſe amongſt the *Romans*, as in that of *Terence*—— *Caudex*, *Stipes*, Aſinus, *Plumbeus*. The Reſult of theſe profound Speculations was, that a *Logopoiian*, a *Log o' Wood*, a *Sow*, and *an Aſs*, were tantamount contemptuous Expreſſions. 'Tis Pity but Genii of ſo refined a Nature had been attended with the Advantage of an ingenuous Education. What might the learned World not have expected from them?

THERE is no room for doubting that *Homer*,

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes,

was a well qualified Judge with reſpect to the ancient Inhabitants of the Town which he diſtinguiſhed by the Name of *Logopoiion*. And I muſt add to the Honour of the preſent Inhabitants,

bitants, that there is no Reaſon for imagining that they have degenerated from their illuſtrious Anceſtors and Predeceſſors; but that they equally at leaſt deſerve to be dignified by the Title of *Logopoiians*, however great its Propriety might originally be.

THE modern *Logopoiians* are Men of ſingular Knowledge: They are not meanly ambitious to appear at the Head of either Philoſophers or Scholars: Provinces of ſo low a Nature they leave to ſuch Triflers as *Newton* and *Scaliger*. Their Reſearches are converſant about Secrets of much greater Importance. Could *Newton* penetrate into the inmoſt Receſſes of the Laws of Nature, and diſplay the Wiſdom of the Supreme Being in the Conſtitution of the World? Could *Scaliger* dive into the Arcana of two Languages long ſince dead, and by his Sagacity reſtore to their original Form the greateſt Productions of human Wit? *Polypragmon* can tell you preciſely how many F--ts *Polyporda* let in Bed on her Wedding-Night; a kind of Secret equally unknown to the Philoſopher and the Scholar.

THE *Logopoiians* are Men of great Liberality: But this Excellence diſplays itſelf in a Manner

Manner as uncommon as their Knowledge, being principally confined to two Commodities. The one is vulgarly known by the Name of *Dirt*; the other is of much the ſame Value—— their *Advice.* And with theſe precious Commodities it is common with them to play into each others Hands. Does * *Fatuus* favour you with a Preſent of Dirt? *Fungus* will adviſe you to be ſeriouſly thankful for it. The *Barbarians*, we are told by *Demoſthenes* in his Oration againſt *Midias*, upon having received an Injury or Inſult, uſed to be ſo far from reſenting it as to adore the Perſon from whoſe Benignity it proceded: προσκυνειν τες ὑβριζοντας, ὡσπερ εν τοις βαρβαροις, κκ αμυνασθαι (rather αμυνεσθαι) κρατισον εσαι. Pag. 79. Edit. *Cant.* *Fungus* accordingly adviſes, and *Fatuus* expects the ſame kind of Return. If you diſregard the Advice of *Fungus*, and return *Fatuus* any Part of his Preſent; you are ſure to become an Object of their common Hatred; to be loudly charged by both with Imprudence, Pride, and Ingratitude, and to have all the Miſchief done you that ſhall lie in their Power.

THEY

* In a kind of Key ſubjoined to the MS. I find "*Fatuus* "a C——m H—ſe Of——r. *Fungus*, *Polypragmon*, two Names "for one Perſon, a B——r in P——c, the Hero of the Farce."

THEY are Men of ſuperlative Senſe: But their Senſe is of ſuch a Nature as to be with Men of the ſame Denomination in other Places an infallible Characteriſtic of a Coxcomb. *Fungus* (that I may not go far for an Example) is of a Profeſſion, in which it ſhould ſeem impoſſible for a Man to be really eminent without a Head well calculated for Reaſoning, and a conſiderable Skill in the learned Languages and Natural Philoſophy. Now *Fungus* has the Misfortune of an egregiouſly illogical Head, tho' he can, like a certain Brother, exhibit *a Face as grave as if he thought:* the learned Languages are a Spring of which he has but juſt taſted: and as to Philoſophy, let my Gentleman be placed aſtride his Horſe, and it will be no eaſy Matter to determine whether the abler Philoſopher rides or carries. But *Fungus* has ſo much *Senſe* as to deſpiſe Qualifications for which his Capacity was never deſigned. He is indefatigable in depreciating Learning and learned Men; and talks much of the Advantages and Excellencies of *Senſe* and *Sagacity*, not without inſinuating that theſe are poſſeſſed by himſelf in the higheſt Degree, and that a very moderate Share of them is ſufficient to render a Man eminent in any Profeſſion but that to which he is ſo great an Ornament.

If it would not be ανω ποταμων for me to *adviſe Fungus*, I ſhould tell him that it would not be *imprudent* in him to confine his Abilities, upon which he values himſelf ſo highly, within the Limits of his own Profeſſion. But *Fungus* will be taking Opportunities of triumphing over the whole Body of the Learned, by exerciſing his Sagacity in ſuch a Manner as to attain to Diſcoveries which they could never make, and indeed ſuch as their very Learning (hard Condition!) renders them incapable of making. In the Preface to a late Performance intitled *Miſcellanea Critica*, Pag. 6. the facetious Tribe of ignorant coxcomical Pretenders to Senſe are treated with deſerved Contempt. *Fungus*, (far from perceiving that he is himſelf one of the Number there deſcribed) by the joint Help of his Sagacity and Dictionary informs himſelf, that the Words *feſtiva capita* mean *Magiſtrates in their Holy-day Gowns*; for that *capita* denotes *Heads*, that Magiſtrates are the Heads of their reſpective Corporations; and that *feſtiva* is of the ſame Family with *feſtum* which ſignifies an *Holy-day*: from whence he procedes to infer that the Deſcription there given was intended for the Magiſtrates of a certain Place, from whom the Author had met with diſingenuous Treatment. Now a Man of Learning would

would be able to diſcover no other Meaning in the Words *feſtiva capita* than *pleaſant Fellows*, or ſomething equivalent. But *Fungus* is happy in a kind of Sagacity, of which he would be deſtitute were it not for his Ignorance.

ANOTHER Inſtance of *Fungus*'s diſcerning Faculty gave Occaſion to the following Letter: " Sir, A certain Cipher was compleated by an " Affair which happened ***. By virtue of " this Cipher I find that a certain Name has " been ingenioufly diſſected and applied accord- " ing to the Learning which prevails in this " Place. It ſeems the Word *Pordilla* has in " the *Middle* of it *four Letters* which are " found in the *Beginning* of a certain *Engliſh* " Name, tho' in a *different Order*. From this " notable Diſcovery it may not be improper to " obſerve, that a Perſon may have the good " Fortune to be ingenious by mere Dint of Ig- " norance, and may prove himſelf *a Man of* " *Letters* merely by being *illiterate*. The " Name in the MS. is *Dorinda*. This general " Name I took the Liberty with the Author " to change into one of a particular and proper " Signification, as being derived from the *Greek* " * πορδη, a *F--t*. This I ſay was my only

 " De-

* Probably the Name *Pordilla* was made Uſe of in ſome ſimilar Caſe to that of *Polyporda*, Pag. 9.

" Deſign; and a F--t for the Man that does " not believe me when I ſay ſo. I no more " thought of the Lady whoſe Name has been " anatomized, or indeed of any particular Lady " whatever, than of the Princeſs of *Orange*, or " the Queen of *Hungary*. I ſcorn to reflect " upon any one of the Fair Sex that is not " egregiouſly rude and immodeſt: And this " Lady I always conſidered in a very different " Light.

" It ſhould ſeem not altogether improbable " that our ſagacious *Anatomiſt* is the ſame Per- " ſon that once occaſioned ſome Mirth in the " Form of a *Critic*. And 'tis much if he does " not ſoon appear in the Character of a *Whiſtler* " together with his muſical Son in that of a " *Trumpeter*. The ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*'s " Aſſiſtance will perhaps be called in to com- " pleat the Repreſentation of the two Artiſts. " An Enquiry may likewiſe be made with what " Degree of Modeſty an illiterate illogical *Æſcu-* " *lapian* takes upon him to preſcribe by what " Number of *Handfuls* or *Spoonfuls Grammar* " is to be diſpenſed, and to find Fault with the " Proportions obſerved by a certain Perſon, " who has had Scholars under his Care, that " knew fifty Times as much of the learned

" Lan-

" Languages as our *Quack* in Literature ever " did.

" I APPEAL to every Man of Senſe, Reaſon, " and Learning, whether my Account of the " Name *Pordilla*, which turns upon the Mean- " ing of a *Greek* Word of a ſimilar Sound, be " not more agréable to my Character than the " ſenſeleſs Solution of our Anatomiſt, which is " confined, as I preſume his Learning chiefly " is, like the low Craft of *Sylvanus Urban*, to " the *Engliſh* Alphabet.----*I am*, &c."

THE *Logopoiians* abound in Wit: But this is likewiſe of a different Kind from what is diſtinguiſhed by that Title amongſt Men whoſe Judgment is in other Places unqueſtioned. It is compounded of two Ingredients, which by Men of the latter Kind are called *Impudence* and *Stupidity*. Its principal Objects are Blemiſhes in Perſon, Fortune, and Family. What Opinion the celebrated Dean *Swift* entertained concerning this kind of Wit, may be gathered from part of a Letter to a young Lady on her Marriage: " There is never wanting in this " Town a Tribe of bold, ſwaggering, rattling " Ladies, whoſe Talents paſs amongſt Coxcombs " for Wit and Humour. Their Excellency lies

" in rude choquing Expreſſions, and what they " call *running a Man down.* If a Gentleman " in their Company happen to have any Ble- " miſh in his Birth or Perſon; if any Misfor- " tune hath befallen his Family, or himſelf, " for which he is aſhamed; they will be ſure " to give him broad Hints of it, without any " Provocation. I would recommend you to " the Acquaintance of a common Proſtitute, ra- " ther than to that of ſuch Termagants as theſe. " I have often thought that no Man is obliged " to ſuppoſe ſuch Creatures to be Women; but " to treat them like *inſolent Raſcals*, diſguiſed " in Female Habits, who ought to be ſtripped " and *kicked* down Stairs."

Philarchæus has ſome Degree of the *Socratic* σιμοτης mentioned by *Xenophon* and *Plato.* This has been at leaſt fifty Times an Object of *Fungus*'s Wit in Converſation. But *Fungus* is not ſatisfied with this. Finding himſelf at laſt deſpiſed by *Philarchæus*, and by this Means having leſs frequent Opportunities of being in his Company, he contrives a moſt ingenious Method of diminiſhing the diſagréable Effects of this Inconvenience, of which the following Part of a Letter contains an Account: " It ſeems to " be wiſhed, that ſome Gentlemen would not

" ſuffer

" ſuffer themſelves to be impoſed upon by a
" certain buſy Foreigner, that will be clubbing
" his caſuiſtical and facetious Noddle upon all
" Occaſions. But leſt there ſhould be more
" buſy Foreigners than one, it may not be im-
" proper to characterize the Perſon here intend-
" ed in a more particular Manner. It is the
" pleaſant Creature that once abuſed a certain
" *civil* Magiſtrate with a paltry Pun ſtolen
" from *Colly Cibber*, which he is frequently
" boaſting of as the Maſterpiece of his own
" Wit. Give me Leave, Sir, to add the fol-
" lowing Piece of Hiſtory. A certain Perſon
" lately declared that he would ſoon draw our
" buſy Body's Picture at Length. *Ay?* ſays
" he, *but I'll try if I can't be beforehand with*
" *him.* Accordingly, after having racked his
" Noddle for a Month, and called in the Aſ-
" ſiſtance of ſome ingenious and learned Friend,
" or perhaps an Index to *Martial*; he ſends
" upon a Scrap of Paper a Piece of Daubing
" with this Line,

Non cuicunque datum eſt habere naſum.

" However pleaſed he might be with the Fa-
" cetiouſneſs of his Application of this Line in
" a low Senſe which the Author never dream-
" ed of, he has unfortunately ſhewn himſelf an

" Ex-

" Example of the Truth of it according to its " real Meaning; which is this: *Every one has* " *not the Happineſs to be a Man of Senſe, Sa-* " *gacity, and Ingenuity.* The Phraſe *habere* " *naſum* has here no relation to the *Features*, " as our Genius ignorantly imagined; nay, what " is ſtill more unlucky for the pleaſant Animal, " the Line is part of an Epigram upon a *ſtupid* " *Buffoon* that fancied himſelf to be *witty*, and " probably uſed to exerciſe his precious Talents " upon Blemiſhes in People's Features; ſince " this is the moſt abject kind of Scurrility, and " ſuch as even an Idiot is equal to. The Epi- " gram begins thus:

Urbanus tibi, Cæcili, videris:
Non es: crede mihi.------

" If our *Cæcilius* has any Regard for his own " Features, he will carefully avoid giving him- " ſelf any more ſuch Slaps in the Face."

WITH regard to Family, the *Logopoiians* ſeldom extend their View beyond a Perſon's Father. Is *Eugenes* deſcended from a very ancient and long flouriſhing Family? If his Father happened to be reduced to very moderate Circumſtances, tho' even his original Fortune was ſufficient to ſet up two or three Merchants

in

in *Logopoïon*; he will often, without the leaſt Provocation, be reminded of his *Father's Houſe*. For their confining their View within ſuch narrow Limits a pretty good Reaſon may be aſſigned. For inſtance: Should *Vanella* look as far back as to her Grand-Pappa, ſhe might there perhaps find Circumſtances more mean than ſhe is pleaſed to object to *Eugenes*'s Father. But *Vanella* has a Way of her own to make amends for this ſeeming Deficiency. Can *Eugenes* trace his Pedigree thro' fifty Generations of flouriſhing Anceſtors? *Vanella* can in the ſame Time, with a great deal of Eaſe, trace hers up to *Thraſo* her Pappa fifty Times over. To convince *Vanella* how great a Regard I have for her Favour, I ſhall recommend to her the following genealogical Expedient, *viz.* to write in a Circle, at equal Diſtances, the Letters which compoſe the Names *Thraſo* and *Vanella*. This ſhe may carry as a Medal conſtantly with her, and by producing it in Company ſave her Tongue (if ſhe is frugal in that Reſpect) a great deal of Exerciſe. By this Means the Lady's Genealogy will become infinitely ſuperior to that of *Bourbon*, or *Naſſau*, or *Matthew Prior*. Theirs muſt terminate at the beſt in *Adam* and *Eve*; but that of *Vanella* will have no End.

LET it however be carefully obſerved, that this Character of the *Logopoiians* is not deſigned to be univerſal. I am far from intending to ſuggeſt that *Logopoiion* is entirely deſtitute of Men of real Liberality, Knowledge, Wit, or Senſe.

——————— ουχι την πολιν λεγω·
Μεμνησθε τουθ', οτ' ουχι την πολιν λεγω,
Αλλ' ανδραρια μοχθηρα παρακεκ μμενα,
Ατιμα, και παρασημα, και παραξενα.

Nay even this general Deſcription is meant to be ſo far limited, as not to include any Perſon whatſoever, by whom I have not been induſtriouſly, and without Provocation, either injured, inſulted, moleſted, or depreciated. Every Perſon who is not conſcious to himſelf of ſome one at leaſt of theſe Particulars, may reſt ſatisfied that he is not of the Number here intended. As to thoſe who have been active in any of theſe Reſpects, if they are not diſpoſed to declare by their future Conduct that they are ſorry for their paſt; they will be kindly welcome to ſtrut, growl, menace, ſwagger, ſwell, and look black in the Face, to whatever Degree their moſt amiable Qualities may exert themſelves.

EXTRACT

EXTRACT II.

The bluſhing Diffidence *of a certain Poet illuſtrated. The true Reading and Meaning of an Iambic Verſe preſerv'd by* Lucian. *Some Inſtances of the Inaccuracy of the late Editor.*

THE *bluſhing Diffidence of Youth*, whereby our Poet has ſo remarkably diſtinguiſhed himſelf, may receive no improper Illuſtration from a Line of ſome ancient Tragœdian, preſerved by *Lucian* in his *Menippus* or *Necyomantia*:

Νεοτης μ' επηρε, και θρασος τυ νυ πλεον.

Not that I imagine the *Engliſh* Poet was at all beholden to the *Grecian*; for the Nature of his Education perſuades me that I ſhall not be injurious to him by preſuming that he is unacquainted with the Meaning of the Line. And indeed I find it has baffled even *Grævius* himſelf, tho' he was the Perſon that by the Help of a MS. reſtored the true Reading. The vulgar runs thus: και θρασος τυ νεω πλεον. From which

it is impoſſible to extract any tolerable Senſe. The Verſe is likewiſe by this Means deſtroyed. The genuine Import of the Paſſage is this: *My Youth put me upon it, and* (which is generally the Caſe of Youth) *a greater Share of Confidence than Senſe*; or more literally, *Confidence greater than my Senſe.* The Uſe of the Word νους is not of ſo confined a Nature as the Interpreters have imagined. Hundreds of Examples might be produced in which it denotes, as I have rendered it, *Senſe.* Of this Kind is that in *Sophocles' Electra*, V. 405.

Ου δητα· μητω ΝΟΥ τοσονδ' εἰλω κενη.

No: I hope I am not ſo void of Senſe.

THE Inaccuracy of the late Editor with reſpect to this Paſſage is pretty remarkable. *Grævius*, he tells us, interprets the whole Line, *Juventa, magiſque juvenis animus me impulit.* No: This is not *Grævius*'s Interpretation, but the common one printed over againſt the Text. The Author of which the Editor might have known from the Title-Page of the *Amſterdam* Edition in which he found it. There he might have read in capital Letters *EX VERSIONE* IOANNIS BENEDICTI. *Grævius*'s Interpretation, in the ſame Edition, Tom. I.

Pag.

Pag. 996. is as follows: *Novitas rei me incitavit, et audacia animi magis.* But the learned Gentleman would, I dare ſay, have found it a very hard Task to produce any Authority for rendering νεοτης by *novitas rei.* I can venture to affirm, without being poſſeſſed of our Poet's *bluſhing Diffidence*, that without the Help of ſome other Word its only Signification is *Youth.* Again: "The MS. *ſays the Editor*, has it, και "θρασω τε νοε πλεον. ----- The MS. is quoted by "*Grævius.*" It is ſo; but as having τε νε. not τε νοε. The Editor ſeems, from his perceiving no Difference, to be unacquainted with the Nature of the Iambic Metre. He may be further aſſured, and withal acquaint one of his Friends, whoſe Explication he mentions, that πλεως and πλεων were the *Attic* Words which anſwered the *Roman plenus* and *plenum*, not πλεος and πλεον; whatever they may be told to the contrary by any injudicious Lexicographer.

And here I cannot help proceding to obſerve, that if the Editor's Curioſity with reſpect to his Author had not been of a Nature very ſingularly confined, he might have underſtood that there was no Occaſion for his undertaking what he calls *ſo laborious a Work.* His Preface begins thus: "It is well known that the

" Tedioufneſs, the Inaccuracy, and (in many
" Inſtances) the ſurpriſing Ignorance with which
" Youth have been uſed to read over the fol-
" lowing Dialogues of *Lucian*, have been ow-
" ing to a Succeſſion of faulty Editions, a looſe
" and diſtant Tranſlation, &c.----" Again, Pag. 10.---- " They are the firſt [Notes] that,
" to my Knowledge, have ever been made to
" this particular Collection of *Lucian*'s Dia-
" logues." Had proper Enquiry been made, the Editor would have been informed that there was an Edition of this particular Collection with Notes publiſhed at *Cambridge* by Mr. *Nath. Kent*, Fellow of *King's College*, in the Year 1730. And in this Edition the Text is much more correct, and the *Latin* Verſion and Notes much better calculated for the Improvement of Youth. We there find the true Form of the Iambic Verſe above-mentioned. In the ſame Dialogue we there read, according to *Grævius*'s Emendation, και επαυλω Περσεφονειαν: where the late Edition retains the vulgar αιπεινλω. And here too we have an Inſtance of further Inaccuracy in the Editor's Note. He obſerves that the Words,

Και νυχιαν Εκατω και αιπεινλω Περσεφονειαν,

conſtitute an heroic Verſe. But it ſeems to me

to

to be a new-faſhioned one, the third Foot being a Cretic. The other reading ἐπαυλω makes that Foot a Dactyl. The Editor indeed propoſes by way of Emendation ἐπαυλω, and cites a Line from *Homer* in which the very Words και ἐπαυλην Περσεφονειαν occur. I have read no ſmall Part of his Notes without having met with another Inſtance of his attempting an Emendation. It therefore proves very unfortunate that this has been anticipated by *Græviuſ*, and the very ſame Paſſage produced for its Confirmation. And thus much for the Editor. Return we now to the Poet of *bluſhing Diffidence*.

Of this diſtinguiſhing Quality he gave us a notable Sample in his Notes, Pag. 105. For this he was deſervedly chaſtiſed by a very learned and ingenious Writer. The Poet in his Anſwer (for ſince it is anonymous I ſhall call it his) had Recourſe to the wretched Subterfuge of Non-intention; but with ſo little Succeſs, that his Plea has not met with Credit amongſt People of any tolerable Skill in Caſuiſtry.

I cannot read without laughing that Part of the Anſwer in which it is Matter of no ſmall Triumph with the Poet, that the learned Gentleman did not think proper to make Obſer-

Obſervations upon the Poem itſelf. It ſhould be whiſper'd into the Poet's Ear, that the learned Gentleman's Time is properly employed in writing a Commentary upon the *Eſſay on Man*; not upon ſuch a Cobweb as the *Pleaſures of Imagination.*

THOUGH I ſhall with the learned Gentleman leave it to others to write a Syſtem of Notes upon the Poem, I ſhall however venture to illuſtrate one Paſſage by way of Specimen of what might be done. Book II. V. 405. we read:

> ---------- *Rays of Limpid Light*
> *Gleam'd* ROUND *their Path*; *cœleſtial*
> ROUNDS *were heard*;
> *And thro' the fragrant Air ætherial Dews*
> *Diſtill'd* AROUND *them* --------.

ROUND, ROUNDS, AROUND! The harmonious Sound of that Line of *Cicero*,

> *O fortu*NATAM NATAM *me conſule Romam!*

has been deſervedly admired. But had the much greater Orator than Poet been mentioning the Birth of a Daughter born in his Conſulſhip,

ſhip, with how great an Acceſſion of Harmony might he have written,

*O fortu*NATAM NATAM *me conſule* NATAM!

But even this would not have been ſuperior to the Lines before us. The Poet, no doubt, intended this elaborate Paſſage as a Specimen of the cœleſtial *Rounds* he here mentions. For to this Happineſs of Sound is added a Profundity of the moſt important Senſe almoſt unfathomable.

I SHALL likewiſe ſelect one Line out of the *Epiſtle to* Curio, another curious Off-ſpring of our Poet's *bluſhing Diffidence.* I mean the 50th, which runs thus:

And all who prove that each Man has his Price.

Which runs did I ſay? I ask the Reader's Pardon. I ſhould have ſaid *which creeps*, according to that of Mr. *Pope*,

And ten low Words oft creep *in one dull Line.*

OUR Poet it ſeems has honoured a ſmall Part of *Holland* with a *Latin* Performance upon a Sub-

Subject in Phyſic. This, as I am informed, he was obliged to print by a ſettled Cuſtom in the Univerſity whither he went for a Degree. I was in hopes of having it in my Power to diſplay in ſome Inſtances at leaſt the Elegance of Language which undoubtedly prevails with a moſt happy Uniformity through the Whole. The learned Gentlemen of the Faculty, had they met with an Opportunity, would, I dare ſay, have vied with each other in illuſtrating its Excellencies in reſpect of the Science. But all this has been prevented by an uncommon Induſtry exerted by the Author towards the Suppreſſion of ſo exquiſite a Piece. This is a cruel Kind of Modeſty, reſembling that of *Virgil*, whereby he was induced to order the moſt beautiful Poem in the *Roman*, or perhaps any other Language, to be committed to the Flames.

I SHALL conclude this Illuſtration of our Poet's *bluſhing Diffidence* with obſerving, that there is no Room for being ſurpriſed at its having been experienced by private Perſons, by the Clergy (as ſome think) in general, and by part of the Nobility; ſince it has not ſcrupled to make free with Omnipotence itſelf. Witneſs that modeſt Simile in the *Epiſtle to* Curio,

V. 33.

V. 33. which muſt ſhock any Reader that is not habituated to Profaneneſs and Blaſphemy:

CALM AS THE JUDGE OF TRUTH,
at length I *come,*
To weigh thy Merits, and pronounce thy Doom.

Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitia-----

EXTRACT III.

The Wiſdom of certain Genii in their Application of a certain Character. An Inſtance of Virgil's *Artifice unobſerved by the Commentators.*

IN a Character which occurs, Pag. 99. of the Poem above-mentioned the fictitious Momion is ridiculed for being *fluſhed with his comic Triumphs* over the Brotherhood there repreſented. A certain illuſtrious Collection of Genii have thought proper to apply this Character perſonally. The Part of the Brotherhood they take

to themſelves, and are ſo kind as to confer that of Momion upon *Philhomerus*. The Poet indeed has abſolutely denied that the Character was intended perſonally, and has profeſſed himſelf *aſtoniſhed* at the Application. But his pleading Non-intention with reſpect to another Gentleman, after having declared himſelf *aſtoniſhed* at what was his Doctrine, makes me entertain but a moderate Opinion of his Veracity. And in this Opinion I am confirmed by the Conduct of his Friends the Genii, who notwithſtanding his Remonſtrance perſiſt in their Application. Nay, I am apt to believe, that they being acquainted with the Nature of his *bluſhing Diffidence*, inſtigated, if not hired him to undertake ſo notable a Prank. Be this as it will, there is one Conſideration which obliges me to acknowledge and applaud the Judgment of the Genii, inſomuch as they look upon themſelves as properly calculated to render any Perſon in the higheſt Degree ridiculous who ſhould be fluſhed with any Triumphs over them. For the Degree of Ridicule, to which any one is intitled from triumphing, muſt be proportional to the Inſignificancy and Worthleſneſs of the Perſons over whom he triumphs. This is a moſt certain Truth, and evidently connected with another indiſputable one, *viz.* that the Ho-

nour

nour gained by any Victory is always proportional to the Significancy of the conquered Enemy. The Height of Bravery to which *Virgil* has raiſed the Character of *Turnus* was principally calculated with this View, that his Hero *Æneas* might upon his Victory of *Turnus* appear to a proportionally greater Advantage. The ſame Conduct had been before obſerved by *Homer* in the Caſe of *Hector* and *Achilles*. I ſhall here take Occaſion to point out another Inſtance of the *Latin* Poet's Artifice with the ſame View of aggrandizing his Hero, which I believe has eſcaped the Obſervation of the Commentators and Critics. *Æneas* in the firſt Book of the Poem, V. 100. calls *Diomedes* the braveſt of the *Grecians:*

---------O Danaum fortiſſime gentis
Tydide--------

But *Virgil* very well knew that this Character did not belong to *Diomedes* but to *Achilles;* and not only ſo, but further that *Ajax*, not *Diomedes*, was ſecond to *Achilles*. Accordingly we read in *Pindar*, Nem. VII. 39.

——ΑΙΑΣ ἑπαξε διὰ φρένων
Λευρὸν ξιφος, ΟΝ ΚΡΑΤΙ-
ΣΤΟΝ ΑΧΙΛΛΕΩΣ ΑΤΕΡ——

Ajax ---- quem fortiſſimum Achille excepto ----

In *Sophocles* we likewiſe find *Ulyſſes* himſelf aſſigning *Ajax* the ſame Place, V. 1357.

——— ΑΡΙΣΤΟΝ Αργειων, ὁσοι
Τροιαν αφικομεσθα, ΠΛΗΝ ΑΧΙΛΛΕΩΣ·

fortiſſimum Argivorum, quotquot ad Trojam pervenimus, excepto Achille. Upon *Hector*'s challenging the *Greeks* to a ſingle Combate during the Retirement of *Achilles*, nine of the Princes accept the Challenge: The Lot is caſt and falls upon *Ajax:* This *Homer* tells us was the very Event which the *Greeks* wiſhed for:

Εκ δ' εθορε κληρος κυνεης. ὁν ἀρ ηθελον αυτοι
ΑΙΑΝΤΟΣ———

Exiliit autem ſors e galea, quam utique volebant ipſi, Ajacis. *Virgil*, I ſay, could not be unacquainted with this Order of the *Grecian* Heroes, any more than *Horace*, by whom *Ajax* is called *Heros ab Achille ſecundus.* And indeed as to *Achilles*, in his fifth Eclogue where he has no partial View, we find him writing in Conformity to the eſtabliſhed Tradition,

Atq; iterum ad Trojam magnus *mittetur* Achilles.

Nor can it with Reaſon be urged that *Virgil* was induced by any metrical Convenience to make uſe of *Tydide* the Patronymic Title of *Diomedes*

Diomedes rather than that of *Achilles*, *Pelide*; ſince they have preciſely the ſame ſyllabical Quantity. His Deſign in thus running counter to the Conſent of the Ancients was I think indubitably this, *viz.* that from the Reader's having preconceived this exalted Opinion of *Diomedes'* Bravery, the Character which this Hero gives *Æneas* in the XIth Book might redound to his Honour in the higheſt Degree:

Munera, quæ patriis ad me portaſtis ab oris,
Vertite ad Æneam: ſtetimus tela aſpera contra,
Contulimuſque manus: experto credite quantus
In clypeum aſſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam.
Si duo præterea tales Idæa tuliſſet
Terra viros, ultro Inachias veniſſet ad urbes
Dardanus, et verſis lugeret Græcia fatis.

With the ſame View we find *Diomedes* ennobled with the ſame Epithet in the *Æneis* which is given to *Achilles* in the Eclogue above-mentioned.

Mittitur et magni *Venulus* Diomedis *ad urbem.*

HAD

HAD the ſame Character of *Æneas* proceeded from an inſignificant worthleſs Creature, nothing could have rendered the Hero more ridiculous. The only Way whereby ſuch Animals can contribute to the real Praiſe of any Perſon is to depreciate him. Hence by the way let me recommend to the Reflection of the Genii what abundant Praiſes they have unwittingly conferred upon *Philhomerus*; what additional Luſtre they have given to a fair Character by endeadcavouring to blacken it.

THERE is another Conſideration which obliges me to admire the Wiſdom of the Genii. According to their Application *Philhomerus'* Name was once formidable to them, and they, poor Creatures, have *often* been in the Poet's Language *the patient Victims of his Scorn.* Now I would ask the pleaſant Creatures, what could render the Name of a ſingle Perſon formidable to ſo great a Number as their Hypotheſis includes? What could render them ſo patient under the ſo oft repeated Inſtances of his Scorn? What, I ſay, but their Conſciouſneſs of having acted the Part of diſingenuous Wretches towards him, and the Fear of being publicly expoſed as ſuch?

FROM

FROM what has been ſaid it muſt be pretty apparent, that if the Poet had been inclined to expoſe the Genii to the utmoſt Contempt, he could not have done it more effectually than by allotting them the very Part in the Character before us, which they ſo ſtrenuouſly and triumphantly claim to themſelves. Whether the Poet has received any Bribe from the Genii, or was content with a Proſpect of the Honour of his Undertaking, I muſt leave undetermined. But leſt the former ſhould have been the Caſe, and the Genii ſhould at laſt perceive that the Poet, inſtead of defending them from *Philhomerus'* Scorn, and repreſenting them in an advantageous Light, has in reality rendered them Objects of the Scorn of the whole Nation: Leſt they ſhould hereupon call his Honour in queſtion, imagining that he may have received a Counter-bribe from *Philhomerus*, and perhaps proſecute him for Non-performance of Conditions: I think myſelf under an indiſpenſable Obligation to declare, that the Poet's Conduct was owing only to his Weakneſs, and not to Treachery: That he is ſo far from having received any Fee from *Philhomerus*, that *Philhomerus* never thought either his Enmity formidable, or his Aſſiſtance worth having. And thus far I am authorized by *Philhomerus*.

THAT

THAT beautiful Expreſſion *ſo oft the Victims*, muſt not paſs without ſome further Notice. A groveling Writer, who ſervilely confines himſelf within the narrow Limits of common Senſe, would have ſaid *ſo oft the Objects*, imagining that the ſame Perſon could not become more than once a Victim. But why ſhould ſuch a Genius as our Poet be confined to the common Notions of Things? His Ideas were more enlarged: According to them, after the poor patient Brotherhood had been once made Victims, the Conſequence of which I preſume was the Production of ſo many Ghoſts; the barbarous Scorn of *Philhomerus* made another Set of Victims of the poor Ghoſts. The poor Ghoſts thus ſacrificed produced another Set of Ghoſts, and theſe likewiſe became Victims, and ſo on. How ingeniouſly has the Poet improved upon the Death of the Ghoſt in the famous *Tragedy of Tragedies!* But I muſt acquaint him at the ſame time, that an ingenious Brother, by whom *Philhomerus* was likewiſe ſome time ſince attacked, has the Credit of being beforehand with him. This Gentleman introduced a Ghoſt, and aſſigned him a Speech which was cloſed with this Line,

My reſtleſs Ghoſt cries out, remember me.

The

The preſent low Ebb of Poetry has induced *Philhomerus* to allow part of his Anſwer, tho' not written with that Deſign, to appear in public. I ſhall therefore tranſcribe what relates to this Line:

But hear the Ghoſt; 'tis worth your while,
don't doubt:
What ſays the Ghoſt? My reſtleſs Ghoſt
cries out.
Ghoſt of a Ghoſt!---In ſome late tragic Satire
A Ghoſt is kill'd; by whom, or how, no
Matter:
Of this thou juſtly mak'ſt a further Uſe,
For a Ghoſt kill'd muſt a Ghoſt's Ghoſt produce.

The Lines which introduced the Speech of the Ghoſt are theſe:

See Milton's *injur'd Ghoſt in Judgment riſe,*
And breathes Revenge for vile Indignities:
With Ate *by his Side, in juſt Diſdain,*
He calls to Bentley *in a mournful Strain.*

The following are part of *Philhomerus'* Anſwer;

But hold-----where Senſe and Harmony
abound,
A Slip in Grammar is a Trifle found:
Such is this Piece----I'll try, however bold,
Its complicated Beauties to unfold.

WELL: The Ghoſt calls, it ſeems, in
juſt Diſdain;
And yet (who'd think it?) in a mournful
Strain:
Here the Sublime immenſely rais'd we view
Beyond what e'er Longinus* was *or* drew.
His grov'ling Precepts would your Thoughts
confine
Within conſiſtent Nature's ſcanty Line:
The new Sublime can Contraries unite,
Surpaſſing ev'n Omnipotence in Might.

The Slip in Grammar taken Notice of by *Philhomerus* is contained in the Words *riſe and breathes.* Obſerve another conſiderable jumping of the two Wits: The one preſents us with a Ghoſt *breathing Revenge*; the other with a Number of Ghoſts forming a *vengeful* Brotherhood. If the Poet has no Method of his own, whereby the Beauty of the Expreſſion *ſo oft the Victims*, may be more properly illuſtrated, I think myſelf fairly intitled to his Thanks for mine.

HAVING thus obliged not only the Poet, but likewiſe the Genii ſo far as to allow that the

* Theſe Words allude to a Line of Mr *Pope*'s concerning *Longinus*,

And is *himſelf the great Sublime he* draws.

the Part of the Brotherhood is in ſome Reſpects well calculated for them, they muſt give me Leave to differ from them in regard to that of Momion. I am ſo well acquainted with the State of the Caſe betwixt *Philhomerus* and them, as to be able to affirm that he never was fluſhed with any Triumphs over them. He may perhaps have chaſtiſed their ſtupid Inſolence: But he no more triumphed upon this, than upon having corrected an impudent Boy.

THOSE Words in the Character, *Hurling thy random Bolts*, unleſs they are themſelves of a random Nature, may perhaps be thought by the Poet, as they are by the Genii, to be ſufficiently warranted by the following Particulars: *Fungus* once delivered an Intimation (whether faithfully or not, I cannot ſay) from certain Gentlemen to *Philhomerus*, couched in *ænigmatical* or rather *nonſenſical* Terms. *Philhomerus* remonſtrated to the Gentlemen that he knew not what was intended by Terms ſo *ambiguous*. *Fungus* being perhaps conſcious that it was owing to his Management alone, that the Terms made uſe of to *Philhomerus* were of ſo idle a Nature, and imagining that his *Senſe* was called in queſtion by *Philhomerus'* Remonſtrance; being determined to be even with him, declared the Re-

monſtrance *nonſenſical*. *Philhomerus* being informed of this Declaration, but not of its Author, wrote his Sentiments upon it in ſuch a Manner as to bring poor *Fungus* into a very *ridiculous* Situation. *Philhomerus'* writing in this Manner, whilſt the obnoxious Perſon was unknown, the moſt logical Genii think is properly called *hurling random Bolts*; tho' *Philhomerus* had no Reaſon to be ſollicitous concerning the Perſon, being ſure of hitting ſome egregious Coxcomb or other: And indeed his Succeſs proved to be ſuch as to hit the moſt conſummate Coxcomb in the Place.

And now it ſhould ſeem to be pretty apparent, that if the Poet intended the Character for *Philhomerus*, the Ridicule muſt, upon his own Principles, return with double Force upon the Trifler himſelf. In his Note, Pag. 106. ſpeaking of *Ariſtophanes* and *Socrates*, he asks: *Did the Ridicule of the Poet hinder the Philoſopher from detecting and diſclaiming thoſe foreign Circumſtances which he had falſely introduced into his Character, and thus rendering the Satiriſt doubly ridiculous in his Turn?*

A

LETTER

FROM

DIDASCUSA HALIEUTRIA

TO

FIDDLE-FADDLE WIMBLE,

WITH NOTES.

Printed in the Year MDCCL.

A LETTER *from* DIDASCUSA HALIEUTRIA *of* NEOPHRURION *to the moſt ingenious and learned* FIDDLE-FADDLE WIMBLE, *Vicar of* ****** *in* Cornwall, *Author of that from* M. Aurelius *to the* Ladies *of* Rome; *with* Notes *by* ******

IT is a common Complaint in theſe degenerate Days, that a real and diſintereſted Friend is ſeldom to be met with. As to the Merits of this Obſervation, I ſhall leave them to be determined by People better qualified than myſelf. In the mean Time thus much is certain, that the more juſt it ſhall upon Examination be found to be, the greater Reaſon you will have to congratulate yourſelf on your Happineſs in this reſpect, inaſmuch as you are indubitably bleſſed with a Rarity of ſo valuable a Nature; as this Letter will convince both you and others. For how can any Perſon ſhew greater or more ſincere Friendſhip towards you, than by letting you know what is

ſaid of you by all that either hate or deſpiſe you, that is, all that know you, except myſelf?

First then, as to the general Character which you have amongſt them, that may in a conſiderable Degree be collected from the many proverbial Forms of Expreſſion, in which they make uſe of your Name. For Inſtance: When they have a Mind to repreſent a Man in the moſt diſadvantageous Light, they will ſay: *As great a Coxcomb as* Wimble: *As great a Block-head as* Wimble: *As great a Tittle-tattle-monger as* Wimble: *As inſignificant, whiffling, worth-leſs, and deſpicable an Animal as* Wimble: *As envious, malicious, odious, and execrable a Wretch as* Wimble. When I ask them why they never aggravate the Repreſentation by ſaying: *A greater Coxcomb than* Wimble: *A greater Blockhead than* Wimble: *A greater Tittle-tattle-monger than* Wimble, *&c.* They anſwer, that theſe are all abſolutely impoſſible Characters. In a Word; there is not, according to them, ſo much as one good Quality of which you are poſſeſſed, and ſcarce a bad one from which you are free.

As to your Letter, they ſay in general that it is a very poor Performance; that, but for the *ſtudied Malice* and *Villainy*, which prevail uniformly thro' almoſt the whole, it would be quite ſpiritleſs, having neither any Learning, Ingenuity, nor good Senſe to recommend it. They

They add that the Compoſition is inconnected, illogical, deſultory, chaotic; that the Inſtances of Advice given and Obſervations made are either abſurd or trifling: And that when the Deſign, Matter, and Form are conjointly conſidered, it may be fairly pronounced that a more ſtupid and infamous Libel never made its Appearance in Public. When they deſcend to particular Objections, they ſay in the firſt Place that, if you were not an egregious Blockhead, you would have aſcribed the ſtupid and impudent Contrivance in the Beginning of your Letter to *Logopoïian Men*, and not to *Roman Women*. What the Meaning of this Inſinuati-

Not to Roman Women.] *Wimble*, it ſeems, did not think himſelf obliged to obſerve that Rule in *Horace*'s *Art of Poetry*, Ver. 317.

Reſpicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras *hinc ducere voces.*

Where, by the Way, I would have *veras* interpreted *proper*, according to its plain Meaning, *Ep.* I. 7. 98.

Metiri ſe quemque ſuo modulo ac pede verum *eſt.*

And this I think ſufficient to ſay about the Paſſage, being not at preſent inclined to diſpute whether this or the other Reading *vivas* is preferable. How different a Perſon is our Genius from him, concerning whom the Poet ſays in the Words immediately preceding:

——————————ille profecto
Reddere perſonæ ſcit convenientia cuique!

But hold—It may be injurious to reproach him with the Violation of a Rule, which he perhaps has never *found in all the Courſe of his reading*.

on is, you will learn from Page the 15*th* of the *Extracts from the Tittle-tattle-mongers*, where the Nature of the *Logopoiian Wit* is explained. By this they only intend to ſignify that the *Roman Women* would have ſcorned to ſtoop to ſo low a Repreſentation, which is an Argument of no greater Talents in the Contriver, than what may eaſily be poſſeſſed by an ill-natured, impudent, and graceleſs Boy but ten Years old. They are ſo far from diſputing its being a proper Emblem of you, that on the contrary they inſiſt upon its Propriety in every Particular. They know indeed very well, that you deſigned it for another Perſon as much ſuperior to you, as they ſay, as a Lion is to a Mouſe; but maintain that you have ſhewn yourſelf as conſummate a Blockhead by this Contrivance, as *Fungus* in the *Tittle-tattle-mongers* by his Application of the Line from *Martial*. They think that you may be fairly repreſented as an *abſurd Philoſopher*, becauſe it is very certain that you are almoſt entirely unacquainted with true Philoſophy. Nor is it leſs certain, ſay they, that you may be juſtly emblematized even as ſomething more than a *bold Speaker*, ſince you have *Folly* enough to *believe*, and *Effrontery* enough to *propagate* by your *Tongue*, *Pen*, and perhaps *Chalk*, all the ſtupid *Tittle-tattle-*

Chalk.] This Commodity is frequently made uſe of in Compoſitions of a moſt *ſeverely ſatirical* Nature by ſeveral of a certain illuſtrious Collection of Genii, to which *Wimble* is no inconſiderable Ornament; and particularly by the moſt profoundly ſapient *Quibus*.

tattle and *Scandal* which you hear. Whether you are a *Cuckold* or no, they don't take upon themſelves abſolutely to determine: but they unanimouſly agree that, if you are not ſo, it is owing to no Merit of yours; inaſmuch as you have been married a great Number of Years, and your Wife has never been pregnant. As to your pretending ſome Time ago that you were in a fair Way for cuckolding the moſt conſiderable Gentleman in the Place, having, as you told every Body, met with many ocular Favours from his Lady; they look upon that as nothing elſe than an Argument of the great *Impudence* and *Folly* ſo happily and harmoniouſly, as they ſay, coexiſting in you. There is likewiſe another Conſideration, which they mention, not very much in your Favour. You know that you were ſome Time ago jealous of two certain Reverend Brethren, and that the Fear of having *Horns planted on your Forehead* by their Means induced your Prudence to forbid them the Privilege of coming any more to your Houſe. But it is no Wonder, they ſay, that a Perſon, who *finds* villainous Inclinations *in himſelf*, ſhould *ſuſpect* and *believe* the ſame to be *in others*. You are a *Coward* with them even to a Proverb. But againſt this Charge I have ſtood your Friend. I have told them that you are to my Knowledge a Perſon of ſingular Courage and Manhood; for that you beat your Wife oftener in one Day, than any other Man in the Kingdom does ſomething elſe for his in three:

And

And further, that when your Wife's two Nieces were with you, you were ſuch a Hero as to turn up their Petticoats and whip them every Day, without their having ever done any Thing for which they deſerved ſo much as to be chided. Indeed they will not allow this to be a ſatisfactory Anſwer. But how can I help that? Nay they go ſo far as to ſay, that your beating your Wife, if other Arguments were wanting, would of itſelf amount to a Demonſtration of your being a Coward. Indeed, as to your turning up the Petticoats of the Girls, they are ſo good-natured as to ſay that you did not do that ſo much with a Deſign to puniſh them, as to entertain yourſelf with *philoſophical Speculations* upon the Principles of the Father Confeſſor ----I forget his Name----illuſtrated ſome Time ago by a Repreſentation publiſhed by *Hogarth*; wherein the *Reverend* and *philoſophical Theoriſt* appears with a young Lady in the ſame Attitude in which you uſed to be with your Nieces. Nay one of them laughing asked: Should it not ſeem that this inverted Poſture of the Girls furniſhed *Wimble* with the Thought of the Book turned upſide down, contrived, as he tells us,

But how can I help that?] The Sincerity of *Halieutria*'s Friendſhip in this Inſtance muſt make her appear in an amiable Light to every Reader. I am indeed of Opinion that the good Woman has failed in her moſt laudable Attempt to defend *Wimble*: But who could have offered any Thing better? May we not

us, to ſignify that he is an abſurd Philoſopher? But tho' you could manage a remarkably weak Woman and two Girls, the elder of which was ſcarce above the age of twelve Years; What was your Courage, Sir, ſay they, when you let fall your Aſſes Ears, and ſneaked away, upon *Cataptyſtria*'s ſpitting in your Face for reproaching her with Imperiouſneſs, Diſobedience, and *Obſtinancy?* What, when you fell into a Swoon upon being only ſcolded by *Rantilla* for calling her Husband *Quibus* a ſilly Fellow? What, when your Cook-maid *Urinella* piſſed thro' a Sieve all over you from the Top of your Stair-Caſe, becauſe you had charged her with lying with your Gardener, without any other Foundation than your own ſtupid Surmiſe? What, when *Termagantilla* kicked and horſe-whipped you the whole length of a Street, for having written a defamatory Letter againſt her without any Provocation? What, when the ſame Lady cloſed one of your Eyes with a rotten Egg, for

not on this Occaſion properly apply thoſe Words from *Virgil*,

——————— *ſi Pergama dextra*
Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent?

Obſtinancy.] The Lady tells her Acquaintance, that if *Wimble* had contented himſelf with making uſe of the *Engliſh* Word *Obſtinacy*, ſhe ſhould not have proceeded to that contemptuous Inſtance of *Revenge*; but that there was no diſpenſing with the *Severity* of a Word which ſhe had never before either heard or ſeen.

With a rotten Egg.] The Hero, being unwilling to acknowledge the true Cauſe, bound an Handkerchief about his Eye,

for calling her *a brazen maſculine Huſſy with a Face like that of an Horſe?* Laſtly, they ſay that according to a certain Law of *Plato* (and a very equitable one indeed it ſeems to be) a Perſon who has the *Impudence* and *Villainy* to charge another with any Kind of Crime, without being able to make good the Charge, is himſelf obnoxious to the Puniſhment which the other if convicted, would ſuffer. And this they maintain is your Caſe.

In the the ſecond and fourth Paragraphs you aſſign two different Origins of Women; the former of which is this: "By the overflowing "of the *Nile* certain fat Clots of Earth being "thrown upon the Shore, and there left, upon "the Reflux, the Sun, by its prolific Virtue, "impregnated them, and turned them to "*Worms*, one of which afterwards became "*Woman*." The latter is contained in theſe Words:

Eye, and told People that an acrimonious Humour was fallen into it. If our Laws were not defective, the Pillory would have often occaſioned the falling of acrimonious Humours into the ſuperlatively infamous Sycophant's Eyes, and the ſalutary Application of his Handkerchief.

Two different Origins.] *Wimble*'s Deſign in the Contrivance of theſe Origins and his curious Obſervations upon them was to banter the Author of the *Tittle-tattle-mongers* in regard to the two Origins of the Names *Neſowanaſſa* and *Logopoiion*. The Reader is deſired to compare the Accounts given by the two Writers together; and I am perſuaded that he will think himſelf obliged to me for acquainting him, whether of them was intended as a Banter upon the other. Such, it ſhould ſeem, is the *Severity* of *Wimble*'s *Satire*, that the Perſon here *ſatirized* by him could not have wiſhed for a better *Foil*.

Words: " At the Beginning there firſt ap-
" peared one Woman and one Phœnix, the
" one being the Production of Fire, and the
" other of Water. Of the Phœnix I ſhall
" ſay nothing, but as for the Woman, they
" affirmed her produced by the Influence of
" the Sun on the *Duſt* that fell from a *Worm-*
" *eaten Tree*, which when *fired burnt* till it be-
" came *Woman*." Theſe Origins, they ſay, are ſuperlatively ſilly both in themſelves and their intended Application; and indeed ſo nearly related to each other, as to argue the greateſt Dulneſs and want of Fancy in the Inventor. Nay they add, that they were not in reality ſo much *invented* by you, as, by an Art pretty common with People of your Profeſſion, *ſtolen* from the fabulous Account of the *Phœnix*, which you met with in *Chambers*'s *Dictionary*: " They hold that it lives five or ſix hundred
" Years in the Wilderneſs: That when thus
" advanced in Age, it builds itſelf a funeral
" *Pile of Wood* and aromatic Gums; then it
" *lights* it with the wafting of its Wings, and
" thus *burns itſelf*: And from its *Aſhes* ariſes a
" *Worm*, which in Time grows up to be a
" *Phœnix*."

Of the Phœnix *I ſhall ſay nothing.*] The Time perhaps may come before either the *Greek* Kalends or the Advent of the *Meſſiah* expected by the *Jews*, when *Wimble* may wiſh that he had likewiſe ſaid nothing about the *Woman*.

They hold that it lives, &c.] This account of the Phœnix is pretty nearly the ſame with that which we find in *Pliny*, *Book* X. *Chap.* II.

" *Phœnix.*" But I can however with Pleaſure acquaint you, that they acknowledge and applaud your judicious Conduct in regard to the Production of the Phœnix from Water. We know very well, ſays one of them, that *Wimble*, notwithſtanding his ſeemingly modeſt Silence, intended to ſuggeſt that he is the Phœnix of the preſent Age. And indeed upon this Suppoſition a more proper Origin of the Phœnix than that from *Water* cannot eaſily be conceived; ſince it may with the greateſt Aptitude be ſaid, that *Wimble* has been always in a State of *Fluidity*, called by ſome People *Wiſhywaſhineſs*, nor will probably ever be reduced to that of *Conſiſtency*. Very true, adds another; and tho' he was willing to paſs for the Phœnix of the Age, yet he has at the ſame Time moſt prudently taken Care to diſſemble the Ignobility of his once *vermicular* State, and has craftily tranſferred it upon the Woman.

THEY have met with a good deal of Entertainment from the Beginning of the ſecond Paragraph, where you make mention of a certain Application made to you, on account of your *great reading*, for the Solution of a moſt curious Problem, in a moſt important, ſolemn, and pom-

The Phœnix of the preſent Age.] There is certainly one Property common to *Wimble* with the *Phœnix*, according to the traditional Account of it, inaſmuch as there exiſts not in the Univerſe another Creature of his Kind.

pompous Manner: " Your Queſtion is, whether I have found in all the Courſe of my reading, of what, by whom, where, when, what, and how the firſt Woman was made." Now it is very well known, as they ſay, that all, or very near *all the Courſe of your reading* has for theſe twelve Years at leaſt been confined ro the Bible, Sermons, News-Papers, and Stories about *John the Giant-killer*, *St George and the Dragon*; *Hobgoblins*, *Wizards*, *and Witches*.

BUT what furniſhes them with the moſt luxurious Mirth is, I warrant you, *Wimble*'s perſonating a *Roman Emperor*. They have often ſaid that you have reaſon to bleſs your Stars on account of your good Fortune in being poſſeſſed of the Office, of which you have long *enjoyed the Fruition*; inaſmuch as many hundreds of Men, each of an hundred Times your Merit, are never preferred to a fifth Part of your Income. And whilſt your *Humility* was ſo great as to make you aſpire to nothing higher than a *Mitre*, they made themſelves merry with your *ſo moderate* Expectation. But they defy even *Hogarth* himſelf to contrive a more ridiculous Figure than *Wimble with an imperial Diadem on his Head*. This muſt, they ſay, put the poor *Aſs in the Lion*'s *Skin* quite out of Countenance. Some of them obſerve that you took this lucky

Enjoyed the Fruition.] This luſcious Tautology was firſt made uſe of by *Wimble*. His Tail, as the Wags ſay, ſuggeſted it to his Head on his Wedding-Night.

Hint (tho' you will not own it) from the upper Part of a certain Steeple, which repreſents an imperial Crown, and is pretty often over your Head.

AS to the Language of your Performance, they ſay that, if you had accompanied the young Ladies at *my School*, inſtead of continuing at *Rhodes*, you might perhaps have made greater Proficiency in the Art of *Oratory*, or at leaſt in that of writing *Engliſh*. Some of their Objections I ſhall mention at preſent, reſerving the reſt for a Time of greater Leiſure.

THEY begin with the Words of the Title: "The Emperor M. AURELIUS to the Ladies "of *Rome*, that had made and played a Farce "upon him; being a ſevere Satire on the fair Sex." They aſk what it is that is here ſaid to be a ſevere Satire on the fair Sex. Is it the Emperor *M. Aurelius*, or the Ladies of *Rome*, or the Farce made and played upon the Emperor by the Ladies? Whatever Anſwer you ſhall make, they ſay it muſt be either nonſenſical or nothing to the Purpoſe. Not but they are willing to allow, and indeed maintain, that, if the Roman Ladies had made and played ſuch a Farce, it would have been in reality a *ſevere Satire* upon themſelves; ſince it is an Argument of no other *Perfections* in its *Contriver*, than *Stupidity*, *Impudence*, and *Villainy*. And this, by the Way, they recommend to your Conſideration,

ſideration. One of them indeed was ſo favourable as to ſay that he thought the Title barely capable of being reconciled to common Senſe, but not without greater Force and Violence than what ought to be allowed to a Writer of Proſe. Upon his mentioning the Manner, which I did not very well underſtand, they declared with one Conſent, that they were fully perſuaded that it was never thought of by *Wimble*, and that therefore he ought not to have the Benefit of it. In the next Edition they adviſe you to let the Inſcription be: "A Letter from *M. Aurelius*, &c." They commend you however for declaring (or, as they will rather have it, intending to declare) in the Title, that your Performance is a *ſevere Satire*; ſince, without ſuch Intimation, your Readers would have erroneouſly imagined it to be nothing better than *Impotent Calumny* and *ſtupid Scurrility*. In this reſpect they ſay you have moſt judiciouſly imitated the Conduct of the celebrated Painter, who, after having daubed what he intended for the Picture of a *Lion*, leſt the Spectators ſhould miſtake it for that of an *Aſs*, was ſo prudent as to write over it in large Letters, THIS IS A LION. Had it not been for this happy Caution, Who but an *OEdipus* can tell, *among* how *many Stones* you might have *ſtumbled*, *among* how *many Thorns* you might have *pricked*, *and among* how *many Nettles* you might have *bliſtered* yourſelf? Had it not been for *this*, How might your *Life* have been *expoſed*, and your *Fame trampled upon!* How might *the*

Daugh-

Daughters of the Philiſtines have *rejoiced!* How might *the Daughters of the uncircumciſed* have *triumphed?* But now you may reſt ſecure, that you will no more be moleſted by the Importunity of their Tongues, no more diſcompoſed by hearing their once favourite Song,

With Vigour now Rantilla *ſcolds and* Fronto *Scandal preaches;*
Now Wimble *reads with equal Faith the Bible' and Tales of Witches.*

Nor will the Advantages of your Succeſs, as I preſume, be confined to yourſelf. I cannot but congratulate another Perſon on this bliſsful Occaſion. So ſignal and compleat a *Victory* gained *abroad* muſt certainly make you moderate your *Heroiſm at Home.*

IN

Now Wimble *reads*, &c.] *Hæce illæ Lacrymæ, hæcce illa eſt* Aureliatio. This ſame ſingle Line gave Occaſion to the whole Prolixity of *Wimble*'s *ſevere Satire.* To this he alludes when he ſays, not far from the Concluſion, "Thus have I on-"ly perſecuted thoſe that firſt attacked me, and only attacked "ſuch as firſt thought fit to perſecute me." But he is to my certain Knowledge a lying Raſcal for making this Declaration. He had an hundred Times before attacked the Author by ſeveral Kinds of Impudence, Calumny, and Villainy. And, by Way of Coronis to his pleaſant Benignity, he had repeatedly inſinuated his dealing in *Witchcraft.* And indeed, to give him his Due, it is my real Opinion that the Juſtice of the Charge was an Article of his moſt profound Wiſdom's Faith. Nor can I help commending his Judgment in having in this *one Inſtance* had Recourſe to a Kind of Reproach, which will certainly never be ſeriouſly retorted upon himſelf, *viz:* that of being a *Conjurer.* Perhaps he may ſay that he had been ſome Time before mentioned with Contempt, and diſtinguiſhed by the Title of *Wimble.* But even that was occaſioned by the infamous and unbounded Licentiouſneſs of his *Tongue.*

In the ſecond Paragraph you write, "They know not how little they know, and how much they are ignorant." *That* Wimble *is* very *ignorant: That* Wimble *is ignorant* of much: Or, *That* Wimble *is ignorant* of many Things, and indeed of almoſt all Things; may be ſaid with equal Propriety and Truth. But *that* Wimble *is* much *ignorant*, no one will ſay, that is not as ignorant as *Wimble* himſelf. Such is the Nature of their Objection; and in the next Edition they expect that you will write, "of how much they are ignorant."

In Paragraph the third are theſe Words: "The very Remembrance I had my being "from you makes me abhor Life; and for Fear "of living any longer among you wiſh for "Death." Tho' *when I remember I had*, without ſubjoining *that* to the Verb *remember*, is agreeable enough to the Conſtitution of the *Engliſh* Language; they will not however allow the Omiſſion of that Particle after the Subſtantive *Remembrance* to be right. Itſhould be, they ſay, either *the Remembrance* that *I had*, or, *the Remembrance* of *my having*. They likewiſe find Fault with this Sentence included in the above Words: "The very Remembrance [that] I had my "being from you makes me wiſh for Death, "for fear of living any longer among you." How abſurdly, ſay they, are different Cauſes here jumbled together! But 'tis no Wonder that

ſuch

ſuch is the Offspring of a remarkably confuſed Noddle.

In Paragraph the fifth we read, "Now tho' "I have hitherto been ſo ſevere upon the fair Sex "in general, yet muſt I except all thoſe *Roman* "Ladies, who have any Title to the Character "of good, whereof there are many." *Whereof*, they ſay, is here nonſenſically applied, ſince it cannot be reſolved into either *of which*, or *of whom*, conſiſtently with the Nature of our Language. It ſhould be according to them *of which Kind* or *Sort*.

Again, in the next Paragraph you write, "What wouldeſt thou now have done in *Rome*, "where we have ſo many bad and ſo *few* "good?" They object that this Paſſage cannot poſſibly be reconciled to the above-cited, unleſs the Words *many* and *few* have the ſame Signification.

In the ſame Paragraph we read: "We or- "dain that every Woman who has been public- "ly infamous, *ſhould be* as publicly laſhed." Here they mention a Law of *Dr Busby* to *this* Effect: "We ordain that every Scholar of the "two uppermoſt Claſſes, who ſhall write *ſhould* "*be* inſtead of either *be*, or *ſhall be*; be public- "ly laſhed." *O moſt divine* Busby, *Mirror of Underſtanding, and Prince of Preceptors!* In this Manner they pleaſe themſelves with exclaiming.

claiming. And here too one of them has aſked an ill-natured Queſtion: "Who has told this "Blockhead that *Plato* wrote a Syſtem of Laws? "We are very certain that he is not qualified "to read *Plato*." But this I readily anſwered by obſerving that there may be *Tranſlations* of *Plato*, which you perhaps can read as well as the Queriſt himſelf. And by this Anſwer (pray take ſpecial Notice what it is to have ſuch a Friend as I am) the Man was inſtantly ſtruck as dumb as you were once, you know how, when, where, and by whom; upon your having told ſome notable *Stories about Wizards and Witches*.

THE next Paragraph begins thus: "I ſhall now ceaſe to ſay any more." On this Occaſion they aſk ſuch Queſtions as theſe: "Can the "conſummate Blockhead ceaſe from ſaying "what he has not begun to ſay? Or has he be-"gun to ſay more than he has begun?" Intending, I ſuppoſe, to intimate, that the Form of Expreſſion here uſed by you cannot be reconciled to common Senſe, but upon the one or the other of thoſe two Suppoſitions.

IN the ſame Paragraph are theſe Words: "When you were with you know who." Here another Law of *Busby* is cited, ordaining that every Scholar of the three higheſt Claſſes, that ſhall write *who* inſtead of *whom*, be publicly laſhed. For my Part, I can perceive no Reaſon

Reaſon why *who* may not be uſed for *whom*, as well as *he* for *him*. And that this is allowable is plain from the famous country Dance called, *What d'ye think of* he? And ſo my Friendſhip towards you has obliged me to tell them. Indeed they ſeemed to laugh at me: But that, you know, is the Way of ſome People, when they are fairly confuted and have nothing more to ſay for themſelves.

THEY have likewiſe recommended to the Author of the *Tittle-tattle-mongers* a further Illuſtration of the Knowledge of the *Logopoiians* in the next Edition by an account of the latter Part of this Paragraph. There are here, they ſay, no leſs than ſeven Secrets communicated by *Wimble*, each of equal Importance with that diſcovered by *Polypragmon* in the 9*th* Page of that Performance, contained in theſe Words: "*Polypragmon* can tell you preciſely how many "F---ts *Polyporda* let in Bed on her Wedding-"Night."

IN the laſt Paragraph we find this Paſſage: "Adviſing all Men not leſs to dread your Com-"pany, than that of a public Peſtilence." Is not *the Company of a public Peſtilence* a moſt elegant Expreſſion? Is it not the very Quinteſſence of *Rhodian Oratory?* Such Queſtions are they pleaſed to aſk. They obſerve further, that the Advice which you here give is preciſely the ſame with what you have before given in Paragraph

graph the *5th*, unleſs there is any Difference betwixt *a* common *Peſtilence* and *a* public *Peſtilence*. They add, that tho' the ſame Advice is here inculcated as above, you are however ſo abſurd as to be inconſiſtent with yourſelf as to the Perſons adviſed. *Here*, ſay they, you adviſe Men of all Ages and Capacities indiſcriminately, but *there* you confine the Advice to *young* Men: *there* you *beſeech* the *old*, *rouze up the Faculties* of the *wiſe*, and *inſtruct the ſimple*. Very ſimple indeed muſt they be (thus tauntingly they go on) who are capable of receiving any Inſtruction from you.

You procede thus: "For as all other Harms "may be eſcaped by abſtaining from them, "Women alone can be avoided by flying "them." In theſe few Words, they ſay, are contained two as abſurd and fooliſh Sentences as ever were written. In the one it is aſſerted that all Harms, except Women, may be eſcaped by abſtaining from them. No, ſay they; there are Multitudes of Harms from which we are not ſecure, however carefully we abſtain from them. The Words immediately preceding, *public Peſtilence*, furniſh us with one Inſtance; and the Man muſt be as dull and thick-ſculled as *Wimble*, that cannot think of many more. In the other you ſay that *Women alone* can be avoided by flying them. They on the contrary maintain, that a Perſon muſt be very little ſuperior to an Idiot, who can form to himſelf

ſelf no Idea of any Thing beſides Women, which it is poſſible to avoid by flying. Nor are the two Sentences, ſay they, only fooliſh and abſurd in themſelves, but one of them is likewiſe inconſiſtent with your notable Advice. You adviſe Men to fly from Women as they would do from a common Peſtilence. Now according to this Advice, by evident Implication, it is poſſible to avoid a common Peſtilence, as well as Women, by flying. But here you ſay that *Women alone* can be thus avoided. There is one certain Harm amongſt many others (ſo they procede) which this Blockhead, it ſeems, can neither avoid nor abſtain from, *viz:* That of being a Scandal to the *Preſs*, as well as to the *Pulpit*.

THEY make a general Objection to the third Paragraph, as having in it no Meaning at all, unleſs it is to inſinuate that ſome Perſon or other either is or has been in Love: And Silence, they preſume, would have full as much Senſe in it as ſuch an Inſinuation. But, ſays one of them in a ſneering Tone, there may poſſibly be a moſt *ſevere Satire* latent even in this ſeemingly *no Meaning*. By this it may be cunningly ſuggeſted that ſome Paragraph or other in ſome other Performance is of the ſame Nature. This ſame fly *Wimble* of ours has, I warrant you, read *Longinus* as well as *Plato*. Now the *Silence* of *Ajax* in the eleventh *Book* of the *Odyſſey* is mentioned by that Critic as an

Inſtance

Inſtance of *the Sublime*. But if there can be *Sublimity* in *Silence*, Why may there not be *ſevere Satire* in *Nonſenſe?*

I SHALL by way of Concluſion acquaint you, that you have furniſhed them with a good deal of Mirth by a Sample, which they ſay your Benignity has been pleaſed to afford them, of your Skill in Chronology. The Paſſage they allude to is in Paragraph the ſixth, where you thus accoſt *Plato:* "If thou madeſt this Law in the "Time of the Golden Age, *&c.*" Now, according to what they tell us, *Heſiod* mentions the *Golden Age* as being at an End long before his Time. And *Plato* did not live till ſeveral Hundreds of Years after *Heſiod*. They add that a very moderate Acquaintance with *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes* would have prevented ſo groſs a Blunder. But Blockheads, they ſay, will be Scribbling. This from your ſincere Friend DIDASCUSA HALIEUTRIA *of* NEOPHRURION.

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